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Good practice should not stop with the attention which takes heed only of correct repetitions, making it possible to read Waverley novels during the process, but the attention should be constantly occupied with the exercise of each particular scrap of technique that is gained with reference to its effective use. This was constantly noticeable in the illustration of the bicycle-riding. There was no danger there of the attention being simply absorbed in the handle-bars or the pedals, for then a thorough rubbing in the gravel was the punishment. Hence the end for which the technique of the pedals and the handle-bars was being mastered, was being constantly kept in view, with a penalty attached. If some clever genius could invent a piano that would knock over every pupil who was satisfied with simply mechanically working his fingers, what an intensity of effort there would be developed to make the playing expressive. The will in practice, instead of being divided, partly attending to the repetitions and partly wool-gathering, would be focussed on the results for which the practicing was being done. We should thus have *the will to practice*. But the piano does not throw us as a wheel does. We can sit comfortably at the key-board and go through a flabby, spineless exercise, forming

as many bad habits as good, and, worst of all, forming the most dangerous, and (using the word in its deep significance) *immoral* habit of pretending to do something that we are not really doing. It seems to me that much of the practice that is done cannot be from any serious desire on the part of those who do it to express the beautiful, but simply because they wish to be doing something—a sort of soporific way of passing the time. There is an appearance of a great deal being done, but the soul of it all is absent.

Our problem, then, besides its serious artistic consequences, has a moral aspect. It can be solved only when the deepest intuition of the pupil is aroused with reference to what he wishes to do, so that he realizes that every time he presses the keys down, or utters a tone in melody, he is not only recording what he does, but also forming habits that affect the purpose for which the arts exist. It is because this purpose is neglected that so much of practice, both abroad and in this country, fails to bear fruit. While making allowance for the actual lack of poetic feeling, we must admit that there is more poetic ability smothered and lost by bad practice than is saved. Hence the importance of emphasizing the intention for which the technique is attained—the Will to Practice.

A New Mission for the Violin

By Paul Stoeving, Late Professor at Guildhall School and Trinity College of Music, London.

The love and latent capabilities for music among the lower middle-classes have never been tested except in the comparatively rare instances

where unusual talent could not be suppressed. True, singing has, like dancing, been for ages the cheap and gratifying pastime of the people.

Singing is everywhere being taught in the schools. But such singing is only the *basis* of musical activity, the elementary and effortless emotional outlet of a love of music, rather than the manifestation of arduous intellectual desire toward self-expression. The latter finds its satisfaction chiefly in instrumental music, in playing an instrument. And in this direction the capabilities of the large mass of people have never before been tested. The love of music may have been there; but, lacking opportunity, it remained sterile, it failed to spring into the real flower of music-making.

To the love of music among the people, and the love only, our philanthropists and would-be social reformers and benefactors, our city and borough councils, the National Sunday League and Polytechnics have appealed and catered. Free concerts in the parks, cheap Sunday concerts, and even excellent chamber-music concerts at next-to-nothing prices, are their pride and boast. But what has been the result of this liberality, which, by the way, is not even truly democratic in principle, but reminds one of the generous feasts which the old Roman patricians provided for the gratification of the poor—and their own glorification? Artists are paid to give their services, bands are hired to entertain the supposed-to-be-music-starving poor who take their fill according to their appetite, and, as often as not, forget to give thanks. What good has this feeding and over-feeding of the poor with concerts done? It may have kept a few hundred people from the public-houses who had not a strong inclination to frequent them. But has it ever succeeded in so much as pre-

venting a handful among the ten thousands of impecunious idlers who flock to foot-ball matches and horse-races from paying for these luxuries when they could hear a Beethoven symphony or a string-quartet for nothing? And, as for really and permanently helping the cause of music among the masses, or for stimulating the love of music-making in them, and increasing the happiness which springs from it, I fear the result of free concerts has been more than problematic. They seem to have driven the people more than ever to the halls where they receive what they crave for, stronger impressions, keener excitements for the senses, which are as far removed from the quiet joy of music-making in the home as a stroll down Broadway is from the enjoyment of a peaceful summer-evening walk in the country.

Just this, music-making *in the home* has been wanting, and here lies the real significance of the school-orchestra movement and its beneficial influence for the future. Listening to music at home, or in a concert, and making music yourself, are two different things, though they are often confounded and placed both to the credit of a love and cultivation of music. The former, listening to music, is at best only a pleasurable, refined and legitimate self-indulgence on a higher or lower plane according to the quality of the listening individual and of the music; the latter, music-making, while also pleasurable and in a sense of self-indulgence, is, through the very effort involved, a sort of co-creating, and so is lifted to a higher plane where, instead of weariness by repetition, its delight, phoenix-like,

continually renews itself and increases.

The proof and test of our love for a thing lies in the effort we make to obtain it. The love that costs us nothing is not worth much; and this is precisely the trouble with lavish provision of music for the poor without giving the poor an opportunity of providing music for themselves. The School Orchestra movement, on the contrary, does not stop at inculcating in a younger generation a love of music and catering to it, but actuates and educates the young to do something for that love in realizing it and in leading others to appreci-

ate it. Each child, in enjoying himself with his fiddle, must work for his enjoyment, and, by working to enjoy, he increases his enjoyment. At the same time, in the nature of things, he becomes also a proselyte for both work and enjoyment, and thus a missionary and pioneer for the movement he represents. A child is a born propagandist for its pleasures, and for this reason this pioneer work of the children in favor of school-orchestras has been a quick and easy conquest compared with anything a body of grown-ups, however enthusiastic, could have accomplished.

The Problems of Standardization

By Waldo S. Pratt, Hartford Theological Seminary

We are not in position to call for the use of standards by others unless each of us in his own special line of work is willing and able to fix reasonable standards for himself. Our general field of music-teaching divides somewhat clearly into sections. In one we find the piano-teachers, in another the theory-teachers, in another the organ-teachers, in another the public school teachers, besides several more that are not less important, though not so large. In each of these groups there are hosts of individuals, all working according to their several degrees of ability and training. Most of these individuals have schemes of teaching called "methods," which they have either acquired from some one else or developed for themselves. What is called a "method" may be only a sort of patent process for the mechanical handling of pupils, devised chiefly to gain prestige or pop-

ularity and to "make a living" out of one's work. On the other hand, it may be a decidedly thoughtful plan of action, contrived so as to throw accent upon the essential objects of study and to enable pupils to attain them readily and surely. It may be a mixture of both of these.

Just here I venture to say that it is common to make too much of the lower features of method and too little of the higher. By this I mean that excessive stress is put upon the exact way in which you or I expect to lead students along—the exact definitions we give, the exact exercises we prescribe, the exact type of studies or "pieces" we supply, and the exact habits or style we insist upon. All this may be useful and necessary. But it is only as means to something beyond, which is higher. What are we aiming to make of the pupil? What ideas of music as an art are we implanting as we